

# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

---

---

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1902.

No. 6.

---

---

ITE AD JOSEPH.

---

Go to Joseph, virgin soul!

He's the "Lily of the vale,"

He's the Patron-Saint of purity;

Christ's foster-father hail!

Go to Joseph, sinful man!

He the voice 'twixt man and God—

Opes for thee God's choicest treasures, all

Removes the threat'ning rod.

Go to Joseph, mourning child!

Pray, the Saint will dry thy tears;

Never he dismissed a hopeful heart,

He will banish all thy fears.

Go to Joseph, Church of God!

He's the cause of all thy joys,

After Mary, this great Saint to praise

Let us raise our feeble voice.

XAVIER J. JAEGER '03.

---

## HOME AND ITS INFLUENCE.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THERE is one place in this world of ours about which we entwine the sweetest remembrances whose influence has been most powerful in forming our character and, in a certain sense, has predestined our success in this life, and our eternal salvation in the next. This is no other than the dearest of all places—home.

We see fully expressed the sentiment of every loyal heart in the famous words of the poet, “of all places be it ever so humble there is no place like home.” Yes, indeed, this is best understood and verified in everyone of us when for the first time we are forced by the course of events to leave the paternal roof and begin to fight the combats of life for ourselves. Then in a boat which has been built during our sojourn at home we sail out upon the ocean of life. Then we begin to realize the tender care of a mother, the watchfulness of a father, and the pleasant company of a kind and obliging brother or sister. Then we are finally convinced of the trials and sufferings of life. However, our departure from home need not sever home-ties forever. If we have been and remain faithful to the fourth commandment regarding our parents, there will still remain in our hearts a fond love of those we leave behind us, and many indeed will be the prayers and blessings of the dear ones at home. Oh, what a sweet consolation is the thought of home when our spirit is low and the trials and difficulties of life oppose us! How powerful is this remembrance when temptations assail us! Then it is that the admonitions of home rise up before us and prevent us from committing many a wicked deed. Then the censuring counte-

nance of a dear father or mother are made vivid before our mind with the question, "Are you going to betray your parents and your home? Are you going to be so ungrateful towards those who have done so much for you?" And when we consider how it would grieve those who have placed all their confidence in us, then it is that we are often turned from our evil ways and urged to lead an honorable and virtuous life. However, this is not the case with unfaithful children. To them, either through their own fault or through the neglect of their parents, home has become burdensome. Its very inmates instead of being a source of pleasure to them become a sting to their conscience, because they wish to oppose the will of their home and the command of their Creator.

They escape the care of their parents or leave home as soon as possible to enter the busy world. Instead of the prayers and blessings of a happy home they take with them not only the forgetfulness and neglect of those they leave behind them; but the very curse of God. They scorn and curse their parents who have been too lenient with them. They start out into the battle of life, only to be ship-wrecked and fail in the very object of their existence, and at last perish in despair. Thus day by day are added more souls to the court of Satan—the place of eternal perdition.

We see children leaving the paternal roof daily, one destined to succeed and be happy in this life which is a true preparation for the eternal home to come, the other destined to be a curse to himself, a curse to his fellow-men, and a victim of eternal justice in the dark dungeon of eternal sufferings. Let us take a momentary glance at this contrast, and must we not ask ourselves the cause of all this. Why so different? Why some so happy, others in the greatest want of happiness?



After due consideration we can come to only one conclusion. It is the influence of home that brings about so vast a difference. Home and its environments are the chief means of establishing the character of the young. It is here and at this time that the passions which continually lower the dignity of manhood are easily and most surely curbed. Then is the time that parents must build up a character in their children. Then is the time that will decide whether they make good and faithful citizens out of their sons, or whether they will make men without whom mankind and the world would be better off.

Thus the home becomes the greatest factor in influencing the character of a nation. If the homes are neglected, then our nation must naturally become weak. So powerful is the home that we can indeed shout with all the glee and sincerity of a noble heart, "O home, the very center of happiness, of law and of government; the protectress of man's most sacred rights. The most conspicuous mark of civilization, and a prosperous nation, the sweet abode of religion, and, above all, the truest symbol of the happiest home to come! Thou art my delight."

On the other hand in the spirit of the unfaithful, in the very despair of the damned, and with all the horror of Satan we might cry out, "O home, my curse, my doom, my eternal damnation! You, oh father, you, oh mother, by your neglect of home and my training, are the cause of my being cast out into eternal darkness. Would that I had never seen your face. Would that I had never been born!" It is but too true that the influence of home is for the better or for the worse; but great are the responsibilities of those that rule therein. Woe to those persons who have been appointed masters and mistresses of the home by the Al-

mighty, if they neglect to instill into the hearts of the inmates of their house true manliness and uprightness.

Home in this busy time of ours is becoming cold and insipid. The affairs and business of life occupy the greater part of the time of many, and thus allow them neither time to serve their fellow-men nor time to think of the world to come. Home with many of our people is only a dining room where they go to eat and then rush out again into the bustling world to seek wealth and glory. The necessary articles of religion were never taught them in their youth and now they have no time to take such things into consideration. They rush on in the blind spirit which the world calls success, and never think, until too late, of God and the salvation of their souls. Children very often do not find in the home that love and enjoyment which is necessary for their young hearts. They seek company and enjoyment in the world which proves too often the very source of their downfall and the loss of their soul. Home is the place where the people not only learn to respect the laws of the state but also those more sacred laws, the commandments of God.

It was in the grand old time of the humble yet happy homes of our forefathers that our people were most true to the laws and our much prided constitution. It was the patriotism instilled into the hearts of the ancient Spartans, Greeks, Romans, and so many other powerful nations in their homes that made them invincible in war and most prosperous in peace. Oh, that true love instead of jealousy and pride would reign in all our homes! If good common sense and true piety would rule the passions of the inmates thereof, if our people would awaken to the terrible scourge which the divorce case is bringing upon us, then there

would be better homes and better examples issuing therefrom, and we would become a happier and more powerful people.

Society, government, industry, and religion would be more prosperous. Then by living according to the precepts taught us in our homes we would prepare for that ideal home where we can hope to meet the dear ones of our earthly homes in that happiest of homes beyond the skies, —Heaven.

E. G. WERLING, '03.

---

LIFE.

---

My life is like a silent brook  
That rolls through forest's gloom,  
And sends its melancholy waves  
Into the ocean's tomb.

But still at night I have a joy,  
When all the world's asleep,  
From heav'n on high thro' leafless trees  
The starry orbs do peep.

Their light plays on the murm'ring wave  
And kiss the pebbles gay;  
The lovely moon with silver paints  
The shores in magic ray.

X. J.



## A DOLLAR'S TOUR.

“WHAT is that?” exclaimed a druggist on awakening early one morning in a chair behind the counter as he cast a glance upon a bright silver dollar of 1900. “I am”, replied the dollar with a smile and an air of vanity, “one out of many, as you see written on my face, and the dearest object of the world’s desire. You, however, seem to be cold and indifferent towards me, since last night you left me here alone in this forsaken place.”

The druggist still lost in the land of nods and revery continued in a mumbling voice, “Whence are you and whither are you going?” “This is rather difficult to answer,” rejoined the dollar, “for though a little older than a year, I have already made perhaps more adventures than you will ever make in your entire life. But I still faintly remember the time I lay hidden in the dismal caves of the earth, whence miners led me away captive to a heated furnace to be purified and smelted, and adorned me with this beautiful garb. As to whither I am going, I am unable to give information, as this depends solely on my possessor.”

After a moment’s pause the dollar resumed his speech. “A greater riddle than myself there is surely none, nor has any object as many phases; for bearing the impress of an eagle, the symbol of loftiness of spirit, I inspire all with material desires in whose pockets I have the pleasure to enter. Lately when an avaricious Jew purchased me for a pair of spectacles, his heart in the exuberance of joy exclaimed like Archimedes, after discovering an important natural law, *‘Heureka,*

*heureka!* I have found it.' Then putting me in a case decorated with the richest ornaments, he ever after treated me like a mother her first-born child. Despite the Jew's affection towards me, I soon experienced the fickleness of fortune. Dismissed like all other dollars, I came into the hands of a poor woman. The lordly reception I received from her baffles all description. 'Oh! children, rejoice,' said the mother, 'for great enough is our wealth in this noble piece of metal. There will be no starvation for us any longer in the future. Let us first use our remaining pennies for buying bread, and place this sparkling dollar in our saving-box.'

But alas! A plague began to rage in the neighboring town, and spared not even the smallest child of the poor and lonely family. In this distress the poor mother sent her elder daughter to town to buy a medicine from the druggist's. With faltering steps she approached the saving-box, saying, 'Dear Anna, it is the will of all-wise Providence that we part with this glittering dollar, lest avarice should ensnare our hearts; but do safely return every cent not needed for the medicine.'

With moistened eyes Anna left instantly for the city. After a lapse of an hour she reached her aim, and asked for the required medicine. It was the last bottle on hand. She presented her dollar, and receiving back fifty cents, hastened home without delay. The remedy proved effectual, and thus diffused a new and genuine joy in the poor but virtuous family.

No sooner had Anna departed, than the druggist by some peculiar mark made by him on the dollar recognized it to be the very same he had left lying some weeks ago on his table. Struck with surprise, and wishing to know whether it



really had some special affection for him, he placed it now between two handsome packages, and posted around it as guards several pieces of phosphorus. After some minutes a vicious lad enters the room, and while asking in a seemingly indifferent manner for the desired article, he slowly stretches out his left hand for the charming dollar. But just on the point of seizing it he touched upon the phosphorus, which on account of its extreme inflammability, becoming heated to the kindling point by the air and the warmth of his hand, begins to burn in a fearful manner upon the flesh of his hand. The violence of the pain caused him to utter a doleful cry. 'Take that' said the druggist, 'tis the best remedy for your intended theft.' Then with threats of imprisonment he was ordered instantly to leave the room.

The druggist feeling now convinced of the dollar's fidelity and affection towards himself, asked it concerning its experiences of the last few weeks. The dollar, always ready to answer such questions, replied, "In all my travels nothing struck me so forcibly as the truth of this simple saying: *Si duo faciunt idem, non est idem*. Everyone receives, treats, and dismisses me as the same thing in a quite different manner. However, let me advise you quickly to put me back in your safe, or else I'll awaken in your mind innumerable cares which can only be expelled with much will and nerve."

According to my advice the druggist took me to his safe. Inexpressible was his joy on perceiving that I just completed his fifty dollars. On this account I was taken immediately across the street to a bank to be put on interest. The banker received me with a hearty welcome, but placed me in the remotest corner of a huge and gloomy safe. With a grating sound that caused a cold

tremor to crawl over my back, the doors of the safe were locked. Here I reflected upon all the happenings of the past, especially on my short stay with almost everybody. This thought gave me the encouraging assurance that I would soon be relieved again from my dark and solitary cell. And so it happened.

Already the next evening in a city some twenty-five miles distant, a number of persons assembled to form the bold but wicked design of robbing the bank where I now remained. As men of a villainous type are always at wholesale, their number amounted to fifteen. The eve following they started off to execute their diabolical act. They borrowed or rather stole the swiftest horses and best carriages, took along two sticks of dynamite, and everyone had an excellent Winchester rifle with a great supply of shot.

On arriving in the village where I lodged, they tied their horses at different quarters, stealing yet other buggies and horses to procure a safe and speedy escape. Then with great silence in the depth of night they march slowly to the bank. Now all are ready for the hellish work. According to previous agreement, ten men are stationed on the outside to ward off any attack upon the five, who had forced their way into the interior of the bank. A man of most daring courage by the name of Harry, comes along, halts, and asks them their reason for standing there. "Begone immediately," was the reply, "or else we'll shoot off your head." Without uttering another word he quickly passed onward, and suspecting their evil designs, swears a terrible revenge. He goes to the second house adjoining, and, with his gun, from an opening in the gable keeps a sharp eye upon the robbers. All on a sudden he hears a booming sound. It is the explosion of a charge of dyn-

amite. One door of the safe is burst open, another is still closed. As soon as Harry perceives the shock he begins to fire his shots with the thickness of a hail-storm. The robbers return the shots, but only at random. Another charge of dynamite is ready to be fired, when suddenly people of the city aroused by the shooting arrive at the scene of battle. These frighten the robbers and like a cloud they disperse—some not without serious wounds. The most abominable cursing and swearing is heard. The guards chide those in the house for their slowness, and these the former for their ill protection. Sticking the points of their guns into the ground, so that any one who would dare to shoot at them would injure himself by the explosion of the gun, they scamper to their carriages. Great, indeed, was the chagrin and hatred of the wretches; for they obtained not a single penny for all their desperate efforts, and are now even hastily pursued to be perhaps doomed to life-imprisonment.

The next morning a crowd of citizens met at the bank where the satanic scene had taken place. Among the first was the druggist, who in his curiosity asked the banker whether all his money and I, his former dollar, had remained uninjured. Being answered in the affirmative he felt a secret joy and said, "Should I hear the sentence of imprisonment pronounced upon these infernal robbers, I will cry out to them in a loud voice, 'If in God *you* trust, know, that the *dollar* claims his master.'"

S. J. KREMER, '02.





THE DELUGE.

---

Fair day departed with a last farewell,  
His reddened cheeks of joy and glory tell.  
Sweet Evening kissed him in a soft embrace  
And strews a thousand stars upon his ways.  
She adorns her lover's brow with golden crown  
Embossed with gems of unheard-of renown.  
But Night has banished Evening from the land,  
And lifts upon the world her gloomy hand,  
To hypnotize all men with magic word,  
With all the charms her bosom can afford,  
To captivate all creatures.

In the ray

Of starry lights we see fair maidens play  
In boats upon a calm and limpid lake:  
Their siren songs a charming echo wake,  
Alluring list'ner's hearts upon the path  
To join with them to irritate God's wrath.  
Upon a verdant hill a city lies,  
Its palaces are rising towards the skies:  
And Lust and Ease and foul Impurity  
Here found a home.

A great solemnity

Is ev'ry day. Thus steeped in vice and guilt  
The human race its funeral-pile has built,  
And waits until the wrath of God inflame  
The ready wood.—The awful crisis came.  
The meads are sleeping, and the evening-breeze  
In trembling accents thro' the bowers flees.  
Ye golden stars! ye witness many a sin  
That is committed, pleasures, joys to win!  
O shine no more on men, ungrateful, base,  
That far have swerved, from their Creator's ways.  
'Mong all these glories and festivities,  
As strong as coral-reefs within the seas,  
In justice Noah walked before the Lord.  
He built according to th' Almighty's Word  
A spacious ark of timber from the trees  
Upon the mountains. Reprobates did tease  
The man of God while he to them did preach;  
And ridiculed when he began to teach  
Repentance and the hour of solemn doom,  
When all the flesh must find a common tomb.

'Round Noah stood an idle, wond'ring throng,  
They jeered his word and sang a mocking-song;  
Then danced away into a public square,  
Where Satan stood.

All men and women fair  
Assembled here to listen to his word:  
"I am your god and your almighty lord!  
Enjoy your time!—think not of life to come!  
While yet ye live, earth is your sacred home.  
With garlands crown your youthful, glowing brow.  
Think not of Future—use the precious 'Now';  
Sin all ye please—have but good faith in me,  
Your eyes will open and strange glories see.  
Believe in me, I am your sov'reign god!  
Live high in hopes, ye will see my abode!"  
Then, as upon a brilliant light'ning-flash  
The thunder follows with tremendous crash,  
Thus cried to him the frenzied populace.  
They cheered, adored him, cried, "Give pleasure us!  
We are thy people, then, we thee adore—  
Thou art supreme—we covet nothing more."  
Then sounded from the market-place the last  
Of Noah's warnings, "Friends, the die is cast!  
Convert from lust and profligacy vile—  
With sin and shame do you your souls beguile.  
Return to God and mend your wicked life!  
Ye have unsheathed the sword that will deprive  
You of your life, of pleasures and of wealth,  
Of house and home, and death will come by stealth.  
Return to God, the time is nigh at hand.  
A sultry calmness decks the impious land,  
A harbinger of all-destroying storm;  
And what is man to God? . . . Less than a worm.  
Come, let us go, Sem, Cham and Japhat, come!  
I see the sign in starry heaven's dome!"  
"That man is wild! To keep us from our sins  
He talks of God.—A rapid cog-wheel spins  
Within his head." Still are the heavens bright;  
In starry glory beams the deluge-night.  
Men scoffed and danced, made merry in their tent,  
While o'er the world the star-eyed heaven bent.  
Upon a high, vine-crowned eminence  
Stood Lucifer in pride and arrogance:  
Clad in his robes of hellish majesty,  
Sublime in awe-inspiring villainy,  
Stood Satan, archfiend, hater of our race;





With man, who first of all his fear betrays.  
The birds in agony screech through the air—  
Death, ruin, and destruction everywhere.  
Men run in consternation to and fro,  
And where they gaze, disaster grins and woe.  
Men, women, children, flee the hungry wave,  
That needs must prove inevitable grave.  
Some climb on trees, and some the mountains scale,  
The heavy billows roll from vale to vale.  
A king flees quickly to a steepy mound,  
Whilst at his feet the tides are creeping round.  
“Jehova, thou Almighty, eternal God,  
Withdraw Thy arm and Thy chastising rod!  
Jehova! have an eye on my distress,  
Behold the craving waters onward press!”  
The starry lanterns hide their lurid ray.  
From south an angel drove the cloudlets gray,  
That eagle-like are flying for their prey.  
At once the gloomy clouds are hov’ring o’er  
The deep, that trees and beams and mortals bore.  
Lakes, rivers, mountains, send their large supply  
Of vapors to the thick’ning clouds on high.  
A dark and saddened ceiling decks the sky.  
All nature wears her funeral-drapery  
The rocks and trees watch in anxiety  
Their fate to come: in eager expectation  
The sea-birds fly to view the devastation.  
While yet the swollen clouds above the peaks  
Of mountains bend, each living creature seeks  
A place of safety.

Still the storm-clouds sweep  
Above men’s heads, above the briny deep.  
Four angels check the winds with mighty hand  
To make them stay above this doomed land.  
At last they pour their brimful phials forth  
And cause to roar the dark, forsaken earth.  
In cataracts comes down the leaden sky  
To punish men for their impiety.  
The deep is bellowing—in fury raves  
Some figures struggle with the crested waves.  
Tumultuous rains are issuing from heaven,  
A gushing ocean, breaking bank and haven.  
All dwellings sink beneath the boist’rous brine,  
And drowning men drawl forth a rueful whine.  
Still from their deep and subterranean cage  
Flow angry streams, like steers in rampant rage.

Where are the meadows, valleys, sweet and fair?  
 A dreadful tomb is seen in lightning's glare.  
 The billows rise—and rise—and ever rise—  
 And fewer still become the piercing cries  
 Of wailing women.

Higher, higher, higher

The surges rise with ev'ry dragging hour  
 With new, redoubled fury, giants' power.  
 Ev'ry tree and hill with men is thronged  
 They have their gold and gems: cry serpent-tongued;  
 All roofs and towers with men ant-like are swarming,  
 And each one tries to save himself, disarming  
 His neighbor, thinking it no mortal wrong.  
 And Satan cried, the turmoil's noise among:  
 "The heavens, mailed impenetrably strong.  
 Cannot be pierced with any mortal's tongue.  
 God knows no mercy, lends no ear to pray'r;  
 There is no means for safety, but "Despair."  
 You think you can th' Almighty Ruler mock?  
 He armed Himself with adamant rock  
 Of hardness infinite—His wrath—Ah, there,  
 There is no hope, that He will hear your pray'r."  
 One lightning-streak appeared with shining light,  
 The drowning mountains raise into the night  
 Their peopled summits.—

Night again prevails.

The peaceful arc floats o'er the sobs and wails.  
 Again a blinding flash of lightning rent  
 The drenched air.

A hill by oceans pent

Loomed up to view while flash on flash with crash  
 Enlightens all this horrid scene....a flash—  
 And in its light we see a maiden kneel  
 Upon a mount. Dread, deaf'ning thunders peal.  
 The ocean grasped her garment's outer seam  
 The fear-struck virgin gave a thrilling scream.  
 But soon composed, she sent a hopeful prayer  
 Up to the starless sky.

"My country!....where?....

I dare not curse; for God is still in Heaven.  
 God, I am Thine: for Thou my life hast given.  
 O Lord! the waters rise above my knee—  
 Lord! whither shall I fly?....To Thee! To Thee!"  
 A light unlocked her spirit's inward eyes  
 Her soul enjoys the highest ecstacies.  
 She saw no more the angry, frowning sky:

A marble altar on a mountain high;  
Upon't the cross whereon Our Saviour bled,  
He turns upon the maid his dying head.  
Then from his wounds there issued forth a flood  
Of crimson light—His sacred, precious blood.  
An angel from the marble altar flew  
And bore a drop of that bright, ruby dew.  
The while the maid her prayer did proclaim,  
The angel wrote with blood the Holy Name  
Of "Jesus" on her brow and in her heart;  
The vision then, so glorious, did depart.  
"Jehova! now they drench my sinful breast.  
My sins are greater than of all the rest.  
I have deserved, O God, Thy just decree;  
In mercy, Lord, once more incline to me!  
For nowhere can I rest—alone in Thee!  
O God....Thy will be done....forever....more!"  
Then came wave with wild tempestuous roar.  
The universal wreck gives her no fears;  
Her sins pressed from her eyes a flood of tears.  
"Forgive—O God....my sinful....youthful days!"  
Then on her pallid, calm and hopeful face,  
Around her form a halo beamed of rays.  
Like tigers coming from their narrow, narrow lair  
The billows seize upon the virgin's hair.  
A mountain-like and snowy-crested wave  
Falls over her and is her certain grave.  
Her cleansed soul in figure of a dove  
Of spotless whiteness flew to Limbo's grove.  
She is the last.

Upon a mountain-top,  
Mount Everet, stood death, without a stop  
Grows on the ocean: "Now my work is done,  
A plenteous crop—My battle-field is won!"  
All night and day the rain is pouring down  
And filled the earth with death. Where is a town?  
A tree? A hill?

One shoreless ocean,  
Uproaring loud in riotous commotion.  
The reigning sea usurped all claim to land;  
The inundation rises higher and  
With clamorous noise the angry currents roll  
Above the highest peaks without control.  
The corpses cover all this mighty sea—  
One universal grave of misery.



"But what is that? A light so meek and dim,  
Within the east?"

Death Noah's ark saw swim.  
The steady keel ploughed thro' the many dead:  
Those in the ark knew not the scene so dread.  
For forty days and forty weary nights  
Swam Noah 'bove the highest mountain-heights.  
As Noah's ark did float in times of yore,  
Upon the deluge, speaks the sacred lore,  
In our days the world is steeped in vice  
And, as the deluge-waves rose to the skies.  
Thus blasphemy is hurled into the eyes  
Of heav'n.

The devil stands upon a hill  
And smiles upon the deadly waves that fill  
Each blooming vale—He prides in victory.  
Alas! the ark of God doth grace the sea:  
And on the ark there stands the Roman Pope.  
Commands the waves, bids drowning mortals hope.  
Fain would embrace he all beneath his cope.  
Full many reach Saint Peter's saving bark,  
While many more to Satan's "promise" hark.  
Hush! Leo speaks:—

"Near seams the day of doom:  
Men whet their swords for slaughter, dig their tomb.  
Lust, sensuality, concupiscence  
Impurity, all sins that issue hence,  
O'erfloat the world in loud, enormous waves.  
Above them all the Church of God that saves  
All those that WISH to save their drowning souls  
Swims high upon the surge that onward rolls.  
Without the Church of Christ is no salvation,  
Come ye to me, for endless in duration  
Are bliss and joy in Heaven's paradise,  
And endless are hell's anguish, woe and sighs.  
Come, enter ye the ark, the House of God,  
And He will rule you with a golden rod.  
When then the dreadful deluge-waves subside,  
Ye shall with me with Jesus Christ abide.  
My ark will rest forever on a rock;  
And we will join Our Saviour's chosen flock,  
Enjoy with Him th' eternal, promised rest,  
And weep for joy on our Saviour's breast."

XAVIER J. JAEGER, '03

## THE BENEFITS OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

---

I N this age of thirst for knowledge and attainments in the various branches of learning we are desirous of knowing what means can be most advantageously used to the attainment of that end.

And as reading is the most common and fruitful source from which we derive knowledge, it is highly necessary that we exercise great care and discretion in selecting our reading. The condition of things at the present is such that a person must of necessity read much current literature if he wishes to keep apace with the times. Besides, current literature has many advantages which are not found in books and hence it must be considered as a distinct factor in man's intellectual development. It is the intention of the following remarks to expatiate to some extent on the benefits which the Magazine, Periodical and Newspaper confer on all classes of society and to remove, if possible, the prejudices which some people have against them, especially against the newspaper.

What do we understand by current literature? By current literature we understand those writings which appear in magazines, periodicals and newspapers at regular and stated times.

It is a well established fact that current literature treats most of the subjects which books do, and with great success, for you cannot mention any subject of art, science, or literature which is not ably and comprehensively treated in our magazines and periodicals. The difference between the treatment of these subjects by magazines and books is slight, but I believe the advantage lies

with current literature, and for this reason: current literature treats all these subjects in a more popular and methodical way, and hence with better and more permanent results to the reader. It is obvious that if we wish to impress and interest the reading public on any question we must treat it in such a way that they will be taken up with the branch and will eagerly pursue the study until they have a thorough knowledge of it. This is, in my opinion, the strong point in favor of the reading of magazines and periodicals, because in most cases they give the same amount of knowledge and information that books do, without any of the tedious, long-drawn out, uninteresting and unnecessary descriptions which we find in most books.

We know that some of the greatest names in English literature were promoters of current literature and owe their success to its influences. The names of Addison, of Sir Richard Steele, of Sydney Smith, of Sir Walter Scott, of Henry Hallam, of Thackeray, of Macaulay, of Cardinal Wiseman, and a host of others will ever remain inseparably connected with current literature and its progress. But we know that the prince among the advocates of current literature is Francis Jeffrey. Literature tells us that under Jeffrey the subjects of philosophy, literature, history and politics were so well and so exhaustively treated by the various magazines and periodicals that the most of these criticisms have never been surpassed. This favorable reception of current literature by the public was the impetus for the establishment of such world-wide periodicals as the Edinburgh Review, The London Tablet, The London Quarterly Review, The Dublin Review, The Blackwood Magazine, and scores of others deserving of recognition. Prominent among the



more recently established magazines are The North American Review, The Atlantic Monthly, The Scientific American, The Forum, and The Pathfinder. All men of letters agree that to-day no literary organ has such an important duty to fulfill, and none is so popular and beneficial to the generality of mankind as the magazine or periodical.

We should be able to use what knowledge we receive from reading. Now from the reading of current literature we derive knowledge that is practical, knowledge that we can use. On the other hand, from the reading of books we get a great amount of learning that we can never put to any practical use, and knowledge that is not used for the good of our neighbor or for the advancement of our own interests is of very little value. Of course, we should be conservative in this regard as well as in others. We should not like many of the so-called reformers of to-day hold that everything that man does or acquires must bring him some substantial return in a pecuniary way; this would be putting knowledge at the mercy of the *almighty dollar*, or the material above the intellectual. But we should acquire such knowledge as will most fittingly serve us in arriving at our aim in life. Every man should have an aim in life, for a man without an aim in life is like a ship in mid sea without a rudder. And when he has reached his aim in life he should be so qualified that he can successfully meet all the requirements of his calling. And we know that oftentimes our young men of to-day are not what they should be to discharge the duties of their vocation well, and on this account it is the constant cry of business and professional men against the college graduate of to-day that he is not practical; that he has a great deal of learning which he has no use for; that he

has not that knowledge which he needs to properly attend to the interests of his employer. This is certainly a mistake which should be remedied and which can be to a great extent, if students will take more interest in current events and read more current literature.

A man should be acquainted and familiar with the events, occurrences, conditions and environments of his own time. And how can this be obtained from the reading of books? It is obvious that we are not in any way able to know the present state of affairs except by the reading and studying of them in our current magazines, periodicals and newspapers. That a man should and must of necessity be conversant with the events of his own time, no reasonable person will deny; because to live for years without a knowledge of things going on about us is just the same as going about in the world with our eyes blind-folded. Such persons as the above mentioned are in a certain sense living in the past and not in the present. It is true they live exteriorly in the present, both in truth as regards their mental and intellectual functions, and their life would be of use to many ages past in solving the questions which engaged the minds of the people at that time, but they are of no help to their fellow-men in the work of bettering the condition of things in the present, and hence they live only for themselves and do not even do that rightly.

And now let us make a few observations on newspapers and the benefits which we may draw from them. Newspapers are to-day one of the most beneficial possessions of the people. Men of learning and broad-mindedness have not been slow to recognize this fact, on the contrary, all men of conservative opinions do not hesitate to say that we owe a debt of sincere and deep gratitude to

the newspaper for the great and lasting benefits which it has in the past and still does confer on all classes of society. And why are we so much indebted to the newspaper? Because it is the only literary organ which finds a hearty welcome to the homes of the rich as well as to the homes of the poor; to those of the learned as well as to those of the uneducated. It is the only journal which pleases and satisfies the various tastes which are found in the different people by whom it is read. It has the power, the material to unite all discordant factions into one harmonious burst of approval and good feeling. It is the only journal which allows an honest difference of opinion without bringing on as a result ill-feeling and discontent. What great joy does not a man experience when he comes home in the evening from his day's toil, picks up his city paper and there reads of the success of his neighbor in some enterprise, or perhaps sees his own accomplishments eulogized in the city press. Of what great benefit is not the information derived from newspapers on the various political question, or the report of the various proceedings of the different legislative bodies of our government. By such reading we are enabled to be of much use to our country in seeing that just and wise measures are formed for her prosperity, and this is certainly a noble and beneficial pursuit, for who will deny that true devotion to our country is next to the devotion to our God? If people would make a more diligent study of current events and acquaint themselves more fully with the vital questions of the day, then they would avoid the enactment of many an unwise and unjust law. The people themselves and no one else are to blame for any misfortune or panic through which the government at times has to pass, because they choose their rulers, and



if they do this intelligently and with a desire to advance the interests of their country, then they may rest assured that all will be well.

But no matter how good and beneficial anything may be, there are never wanting a certain few who delight in calumniating or finding fault with it. I say a certain few, because, thank God, the most people know and appreciate the worth of the newspaper, and therefore, the injury done is slight. But, if now and then we meet with objectional features in the newspapers, we should not on that account condemn a thing which in most cases is a great benefit to man, for on the one hand we should remember that there is nothing perfect in the world, and on the other hand, do not books contain objectional features? Most assuredly they do, even more and greater ones than newspapers. And how so? Because they are very few newspapers circulated, so to speak in broad day light that contain writings that can be said to be really objectional, pernicious, or dangerous in their tendencies, but on the other hand in how many books do we not find writings that make deep wounds in the soul and are the cause of many a person turning from the path of duty to moral effeminacy. My friends, just consider for a moment how many have been ruined by the reading of sensational novels, immoral books and the like, which so many devour with a relish, and you will not be long in coming to the reasonable conclusion that in point of morality the average newspaper is incomparably better, cleaner, and purer than the most of the books. Let us here remember the advice which an eminent critic gives about the reading of books. He says: "Be not a swallower of trashy, passion-exciting novels, for most of the novel-reading which people fancy is an intellectual pastime, is the emptiest dissipa-

tion, hardly more related to thought or the wholesome exercise of the mental faculties than opium-eating; in either case the brain is drugged, and left weaker and crazier by the debauch." Is this not evident proof of the great harm to be derived from the reading of most books?

Do you not believe that the reading of such newspapers as the New York World, The Philadelphia Times, The Chicago Record-Herald and The Chronicle, The Cincinnati Enquirer, The Cleveland Plain-Dealer, and greatest of all, The Louisville Courier Journal, edited by that prince of journalists, Henry Watterson, I say, do you not believe that the reading of such newspapers will give a man a vast fund of information and intelligence on all the important subjects, even of the past, and what is best of all, of to-day, of the present? Without doubt it will, and certainly a knowledge of the present is what we need, is desirable, is beneficial. Such reading will help a man in any avocation, for it gives him that decision, that tact, that ability to act with despatch in all matters, and these qualities are indispensable in any calling of life, as many can testify. Some do not see the necessity of such reading now, but, without being a prophet, I venture to say that many students when they get out into practical life will regret over and over the opportunity they neglected of giving themselves a knowledge of current events which they could easily have obtained by reading some well-conducted newspaper. Many have come to the conclusion of the necessity of reading newspapers only after being frequently advised by men, "who have gone through the mill," and who know of what great benefit such reading is in every day life. Numerous examples might be cited in proof of this assertion, but I will only give one or the other. Charles Dickens, who

with Scott and Thackeray form the great triumvirate of English fiction, owes his great success in letters to the influences of the newspapers. Here are his own words in an address to the New York editors when he visited the United States in 1868: "To the wholesome training of severe newspaper work when I was a young man, I constantly refer my first success." The newspaper was the starting point for the great success of our own illustrious Benjamin Franklin. And we know that few Americans are deserving of such noble encomiums as Franklin. So it is evident that the newspaper is a great benefactor of mankind, and although we may now and then find something objectional in it, we should not on that account condemn the newspaper, for we have seen that nothing from the mind of man can be without fault, and the great poet Dryden has truly said, "Errors like straws, upon the surface flow; he who would search for pearls, must dive below."

In selecting our reading matter, then, let us do so with a desire of preparing ourselves for the practical skirmishes of life. Let us read to gain that knowledge which is necessary for the intelligent performance of duty. Let us read so that we may be informed on all questions of social, intellectual, and economic interest, and by this means we will be able to become influential members of the community in which we live. What we need now-a-days is men of action as well as men of thought. Current literature is the source from which all these necessary aids to a life of usefulness and activity abundantly flow, and let us not neglect the opportunity of drawing from this plentiful fount those gems of knowledge which make a man a beneficent agent of good in whatever field of life he may direct his energies.

E. A. WILLS, '03.



THE FATE OF THE MATIE G.

---

WHEN the *Matie G.* sailed around the Newfoundland Banks into the St. Lawrence River, her sailors were, indeed, a sorry lot. For many weeks they braved the rough weather of the Atlantic, while the boat behaved beautifully, and it was now gracefully cutting the fair waters of the St. Lawrence. Taking a direct course up stream, encircling numerous islands, the *Matie G.* turned southward and drifted into beautiful Lake Champlain. Captain Jonsone kept on the southerly course until he reached Whitehall where he expected to meet Gen. Burgoyne stationed with the British army. Casting anchor a little to the north of the town, he landed, unnoticed by the inhabitants. While on the outskirts of Whitehall they encountered an old continental who furnished them with very little information, excepting that Burgoyne went south about a month before, and only last week had surrendered to Gen. Gates and the Continental army.

"The cursed rebels!" stammered Jonsone. "Who has possession of Whitehall?" "Now don't get angry cap'in," said the old man, "for you might be sorry that you ask the question. Yesterday an army came down from the Green Mountains and are encamped in the town. So you see, cap'in, if you want to eat breakfast to-morrow morning, you'd better set sail and push north for Quebec."

The captain doubted very much the words of the old man. His mission, under sealed orders of the king, must be executed or he would lose all possible honors. He advanced towards the town, but was greeted with a cry from the sentinel, "Who goes there?" "An officer in the service of

the king." The sentinel's gun was discharged and soon many Continentals under Seth Warner were close on the heels of the fleeing red-coats. "In the name of the king, blow the *Matie* to pieces," commaded Jonsone as he fell from a wound received in the conflict. Jonsone was taken prisoner. The sailors seeing escape impossible sent the boat to the bottom of the angry waters. Imprisoned in a large stone cell which served as a guard house, the captain spent many hard trials until the Continental army moved southward.

After a month of confinement Jonsone sat in his lonely cell thinking what he would do if escape were possible. To linger within the limits of the Colonial States meant certain ruin, and to leave without detection was hardly possible. His only hope was to join the Continental army until Providence should lend a helping hand. While thus meditating on the future, a tiny ray of light crept into his cell. So strange to him was this unusual happening at midnight that it at first put him in a very trying position. But it was only a little beam which the moon sent through the open door. His cell door was left open. Probably a snare laid in his path, but it was the only chance in a thousand that offered escape, and Jonsone accepted. Yes! Jonsone was gone and escaped the doom of hanging as a spy at day break the next morning, December 29, 1777.

\* \* \* \*

After a season of discouragement the Continental army was about to enter upon a still darker period, when it took up winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Despondent, disheartened, because they had received no pay for eighteen months, discontentment reigned in the camp. The coldest and dreariest winter in years had set in and Washing-

ton had little hope of a better future. Patriots half-clad, half-fed, suffering soldiers innumerable,—their trials are beyond description. A conspiracy among some of the officers was detected just in time to prevent a general insurrection.

One evening while the numerous camp-fires illumined the skies above, around one of these places sat a young man reading a London newspaper which had found its way into the camp. Folding the paper he placed it in the pocket of his torn coat and proceeded to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. He was admitted to the tent where he explained his mission. “General,” said the young soldier, “you plainly see the discontentment which prevails in your camp. A general insurrection is almost impossible. After reading an old London newspaper this evening, I have come to the conclusion that if you give me one hundred soldiers, I’ll promise you to bring back to this camp enough money to pay your soldiers all their dues, and still a large surplus will be left. Gen., last October while we were encamped at the southern extremity of Lake Champlain, a small body of British sailors under the command of their captain, Jonsone by name, imprudently came too near our camp, but very quickly took to their heels. We followed. The captain was taken prisoner, but his men escaped to a beautiful craft called the *Matie G.* Obeying the command of their leader they sent the boat to the bottom of the lake with everything on board, including \$500,000. “But, my young sir,” broke in the general, “how do you know that the money was on board?” The young soldier pulled forth the paper from his pocket and read the following:

*“Parliament, House of Lords, August 27, 1777.*

*\$100,000 reward will be given for the head of Captain Jonsone, dead or alive, who sailed under*



*sealed orders of the king, on the royal boat, "Matie G." with \$500,000, which money was to be paid to the soldiers of the king now in commission in the Colonial States of America."*

"Well done, young sir," said the General, "select your men and execute your design." This young man was Seth Warner, and he set out for Whitehall.

On entering the city, Warner led his men to the squire's place. Finding that Jonsone still lived, he requested that the prisoner be brought forward. The squire went to the cell, and very much to his astonishment discovered the prisoner had fled. "What fool's deed was this?" said the squire with a frantic yell as he entered the cell. "What, what is the matter, sir?" said the jailer. "You fool," thundered the squire, "your head shall pay for this foul play."

He returned to Warner and informed him of the fact. "Confound the ill-luck," said Warner, "how long is the prisoner gone?" "Hardly two hours, sir," said the squire. Without much ado Warner marched to the shores of the lake where a few months before the boat had been sunk. Arriving at the place they beheld a man plunging a dagger deep into his heart. Upon investigation it proved to be Captain Jonsone. Only a few yards away, out in the lake, from the top of the mast waved a pennant with the words *Matie G.* stilli distinguishable. Towing the boat to the shore, Warner secured the prize and returned to Valley Forge.

Again the Continental army was saved from destruction by a wide awake young American patriot whose love for his country was greater than love of self—the happy characteristic of the American people.

W. JOHN WESSEL, '04. ..

---

## THE VALUE OF KINDNESS.

---

Among all the ennobling qualities of man there is none that meets more frequent opportunities for display, none whose angelic ministry is more eagerly sought by weak and suffering humanity, than the lovely virtue of kindness. By kindness in its present acceptation, we understand the queenly virtue of charity, in as far as it urges us to those mild judgments, to those beneficent words and gentle actions, by which through little effort on our part those around us are made happy.

Considering the three ways of being kind, we find that kind thoughts are of special import to those whose aim is moral and mental development. Few things tend with better effect to the refinement of our moral nature than the cultivation of a habit of kind thoughts. They give birth to all our words and actions, and hence, by habituating ourselves to charitable views, we sweeten the source of those and thereby improve our entire conduct. Frequency of kind thoughts is, therefore, more truly an index of moral excellency than either gentle words or beneficent deeds, since these are not invariably the outpouring of a kind disposition, but are not unfrequently prompted by artificial courtesy, by servile fear, and, above, all by the love of gain.

Habitual kind thoughts, moreover, are incompatible with that superficiality of mind which judges by mere appearance and first impulses. The kind man is unwilling to surrender his good opinion of others, and hence in case of apparent failings, he digs beneath the surface to examine the roots; he endeavors to obtain a clear view of the motives and circumstances underlying

the seeming wrong, to ascertain whether in the light of truth, appearances may not prove to be delusions. This procedure, however, is a wholesome remedy against rashness, which causes so much unhappiness, and an efficient means to arrive at insight into human character.

While it is the special office of kind thoughts to transform us into wiser and nobler beings, gentle words and actions in every situation of life are of inestimable value as an unfailing means of persuasion. The child entreating mamma with tender looks and innocent smiles might arouse the jealousy of a king in affecting compliance with all its wishes. Arguments for obtaining a favor may often not bend the will of our fellowmen, but in resisting the power of kind entreaties they must do violence to their better nature. A command in the garb of kindness is a force compelling to obedience. With the edged tool of a kind disposition, the priest may chisel the granite hearts of inveterate sinners into images of God. The kind teacher attaches to himself the little ones with tenderest bonds of love and gratitude. A mere desire or intimation from his lips is a command exacting obedience; and by his sweet and winning ways he renders the youthful hearts as plastic as melted wax, ready to receive with perfect distinction every impress of his teaching.

Kindness is constantly obviating the inconceivable amount of wretchedness produced in this world by quarrels and offences. Quarrels nearly always rest upon misunderstandings, but often explanation instead of healing the wound inadvertently tears it open anew. Begging pardon might certainly effect a cure, yet this is so bitter a pill that only few can swallow it. Thus the outlook is sad and hopeless; frowning faces and stubborn silence stereotype the angry feel-



ings. At last kindness comes to the rescue. It needs neither explanation nor pardon; with a pleasant smile or a benevolent word it pours upon the sore the healing balm of reconciliation.

If kindness were banished from this world, the lot of those who are tormented with pain or afflicted with sorrow and despondency would be incomparably more miserable. Pleasure, wealth, and power have no longer any charms for them; they long for loving deeds and soothing words of consolation. Enter the sick-room of that suffering boy, whom months ago a lingering fever has torn from the play-ground and the merry crowd of schoolboys. Now, as the roses on his cheeks are fading in the shadow of death, he comes to the sad conviction that his fairest dreams of future strength and greatness have been empty delusions. Ah! one friendly star yet glitters in all this dreary night; it is the thought of his kind mother who remains constantly at his side, now praying, anon whispering words of comfort, always intent on alleviating his pains.

Kindness has achieved wonders as an instrument of conversion. Father Faber says, "Kindness has converted more souls than either zeal, eloquence, or learning." Long before these words were uttered, Francis de Sales, the saint of incomparable sweetness, exemplified their truth in his apostolic labors. When during his time controversy was shedding in vain the life-giving blood of charity, he stole upon the fortress of the heart, and this stronghold of the affections being subdued, the proud intellect surrendered at discretion. It is said that this amiable quality was his chief auxiliary in reclaiming seventy thousand souls from the paths of error.

Arduous undertakings generally prosper only in the sunshine of kind approval. Through its invigorating influence, the author, the orator, and

the actor, are stimulated to their noblest efforts. Many a youth, whom timidity would have doomed to obscurity for life, was encouraged by a single generous praise to enter upon the highway to intellectual greatness. The poetaster became a poet because words of appreciation attended his first attempts to lisp in numbers.

Kindness is the secret of personal attractiveness. Just as we instinctively shun the rude and selfish, notwithstanding their otherwise splendid accomplishments, so we are irresistibly attracted by the pleasant features and the mellow accents of the really kind man. Even illiteracy on his part, want of social refinement and difference of opinion, cannot prevent us from paying him our tribute of love and esteem. He is our benefactor; his characteristic virtue goes farther towards satisfying our yearning for happiness than almost every other means within human power.

Men are spurred on to ceaseless efforts in quest of things whose possession they think will make them happy. Worry and dangers, privations and hardships, cannot deter them from the pursuit of happiness. What after much toil is so rarely found, the kind man dispenses with profusion. He always has a pleasant "Good morning;" a well-meant advice; a word of sympathy in little troubles; a modest praise for laudable efforts. He refrains from wounding jests about shortcomings, and returns a soft answer to a harsh address. He generously forfeits little honors, and at all times he shows his willingness to lend a helping hand. By these and similar trifles he is diffusing untold happiness in the family, in the school-room, and, indeed, wherever men associate for work or recreation.

"Since trifles make the sum of human things,  
And half our misery from our foibles springs;  
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,  
And few can save or serve, but all may please:  
Oh! let th'ungentle spirit learn from hence,  
A small unkindness is a great offence;  
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain,  
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain."

SYLVESTER HARTMAN, '02

ST. PATRICK.

---

To Erin's isle there once appeared  
A brilliant sun of light serene;  
Nor pain nor sorrow more they feared,  
For then the rays of peace were seen.

There glided o'er the rocky wave  
A bearer calm and ever blest  
For heart of sinful men to save  
To gain for all eternal rest.

In Erin's bosom deeply sown,  
The Creed of Heaven's only Son;  
A holy angel here had flown  
To bring the message true and one.

The Celtic blood does coarse with love,  
Their gentle hearts they gladly ope'  
To noble Patrick spotless dove,  
Who bore to them the twig of hope.

Then hail to Patrick, dearest Saint,  
To homes distressed in shamrock's clime,  
Thy name shall ne'er the Irish taint  
Throughout the ebbing flow of time.

HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.

---

THE SHAMROCK.

---

A noble plant. An Emblem wild and green.  
O'er every Irish heart despotic queen  
A tri-shaped jewel. The sign of Trinity.  
Attests three persons, One Strong Divinity  
The Emerald shore, a downy bed,  
Ethereal sward, a shroud o'er head,  
Protect Dame Nature's pet.

A trace of Erin's former days  
When Freedom ruled the ocean flower  
And Irish bards sang sacred lays  
Of Celtic valour's boundless power.

J. V.



# THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY


DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

---

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year.....	1.00
Single copies.....	.10

---

 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

---

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

---

## THE STAFF.

WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, '02, EDITOR.

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02, EXCHANGE EDITOR.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

RUDOLPH P. STOLTZ, '02.	SYLVESTER J. HARTMAN, '02.
SEBASTIAN J. KREMER, '02.	EDMUND A. WILLS, '03.
HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.	NAVIER J. YAEGER, '03.
CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.	ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.

## BUSINESS MANAGERS.

EDWARD G. WERLING, '03.	JOHN W. WESSEL, '04.
-------------------------	----------------------

---

THIS MONTH promises to be one of unusual activities, not only in literary circles, but in a religious way as well. The class room will suffer to some extent, but by earnest, concentrated work between festivities, we can neutralize much loss. With four days' retreat in the beginning, St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's Day intervening, and Holy Week as a flourish, we ought to lay up treasures that cannot rust or be stolen.

WITH ST. PATRICK'S and ST. JOSEPH'S DAYS in view, we are preparing for a "double-header" holiday. Aside from their recreative value, we behold in the religious festivities of these two days beautiful truths expressed for our edification. From St. Patrick, the Apostle of the Emerald Isle, we learn the lesson of diligence in study and zeal for souls. In addition to wearing a bit of green and singing, "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," let us resolve to imitate him in his Apostolic zeal and labors. Close upon St. Patrick's Day is the feast of our Patron, the greatest day of the year for the inmates of St. Joseph's. It should be a day of greatest joy and special graces for us, and such we will try to make it.

THE CELEBRATIONS ON ST. JOSEPH'S DAY are to eclipse those of all former years. The Military and Band will combine to fill the afternoon hours with pleasure and enjoyment. The evening will be taken care of by the C. L. S. in the drama, "The Druid's Ambition." But the central and most joyous feature of the day will be the saying of his first mass by Rev. Robert Mayer C. PP. S., a representative of the first class to have been graduated from St. Joseph's. 'Twill indeed be a great day and a great blessing for Alma Mater, when one of her earliest charges, now a grown son and mature man, crowned with success, returns in priestly garb and in priestly power, to bestow upon her his first blessing and to exercise, for the first time, that glorious priestly privilege of saying Holy Mass,—and that too within the walls where he gathered his first bits of wisdom and learned his first lessons of piety. During intervening hours of the day, the band boys, with their costly equipment of new instruments and music, promise to make themselves heard. Dress Parade, Company drills, and Fancy drills will

occupy the greater part of the afternoon. The drama to be presented by the C. L. S. in the evening is in four acts, replete with action and climaxes.

THE ANNUAL RETREAT in spite of its somewhat gloomy aspect is looked forward to with pleasure by most of the students. Owing to the death of the Reverend retreat-master's mother, the retreat had been postponed from February second to March second. On March sixth it closed with Benediction and that grand old hymn, the *Te Deum*. Both Faculty and student body, agree in pronouncing a most satisfactory and successful retreat. While every student without a single exception showed an extraordinary good will and zeal, the excellent results must be attributed to the fiery eloquence and touching pathos, joined to strictness, earnestness, and piety on the part of the retreat master,—Rev. George Heldman of St. Paul's parish, Chicago. He had a happy faculty of introducing bits of description and narrative that served to hold the attention of the small boy and make a deeper impression on the older students. In fine we hope the three days spent in the interior and spiritual world will be productive of immense benefits for many months and many years to come.

THE feminine member of the firm Slattery, Shepherd and Co., is again on the road, crying like a circus manager to the gawks along the highway, "Come, and see the elephant." Mrs. Shepherd's Jumbo is, naturally, the *awful secrets* of the sisterhood. The aforementioned gawks "bite," and invariably find themselves duped into beholding a stuffed specimen of the Jumbo family. Some few ignoramuses, of course, fearfully impressed with what they have seen and heard, resort to the laudable custom of slipping a piece of bacon rind up and down their backs three times, or of tying the cat's tail in a knot, which, if it remain in this graceful position three days, will preserve them and their families from that awful



---

witchery of the Catholic sisterhood. The Catholics of Columbus, Ohio, however, have exercised their rights by demanding the laws to protect them and their faith from insults. Upon warrants sworn out by Catholic parties, the obscene lecturer was taken from the lecture platform and committed to prison. Their example deserves to be followed. The shafts of such corrupt people as the Shepherds strike harmlessly on the golden armor of the Catholic sisterhood. Intelligent Catholics as a rule prefer to smile with contempt at such raillery. 'Tis even beyond our conception of *common sense*, how any sensible person, no matter of what denomination, can tolerate or credit such vileness, and believe and gulp down mere statements. That the statements of such calumniators are without proof, is evident from a glance at history, at battle fields, pest-houses, leper's islands, scenes of disaster and hospitals. For the sake of contrast, in nobleness of womanhood, witness, the good sisters in Philadelphia, distributing in immense quantities a sure remedy for small-pox. The remedy is almost priceless, yet they ask not a farthing for it; those who cannot get the medicine write for the prescription, and receive it free of charge. The fame of such nobleness, generosity and disinterestedness has spread to all parts of the world, even London and Paris. Scheming druggists, to the sorrow of the Sisters, put up bottles of *placebo*, which they call "Sister Gonzaga's Cure," and sell them for ten cents a bottle. The Sisters were and are in a position to make thousands of dollars, but that is not the spirit of their Master. This singular want of greed in the Sisters is, by the way, one of their *awful secrets*, the others being prayer, fasting, and heroic self-sacrifices.

---

### EXCHANGES.

---

The prosperity of college journalism at present is giving some ex-editors of the five-leaved monthlies spells and weird seizures. In their enthusiasm for noble work several have doffed the dignity of *ex-men* in exchange for that of *ax-men*, thus believing themselves better qualified to prune and cut-away cloggy heaviness, redundancies and, as they call them, *big words*. This certainly is no mean employment if the work were always sagaciously performed, but usually their awkward humorous method is worse than peevish, and short of common sense. Foremost among these are they who always cavil about what a college journal should contain. Allow us to state that we hold to the opinion as expressed in a recent column of the *Scholastic* in this respect. Moreover, if we should desire to give sarcasm to any journal we will do so in a language that can be understood, and need no amateur interpreters of our words and opinions.

An exchange altogether void of the puerile pretensions just described is our new friend, the beautiful *Spectator*. The extent of judgment that the issue at hand allows, will do to call it a piece of handsome, agreeable and clean cut-work. The opening page introduces us to a small poem of rich sentiment and musical rhyme, which at first we perused with eager delight, but were a little disappointed at finding it subscribed "Long-fellow." The productions of our people's poet please us much; we should, however, like to congratulate a member of the editorial staff for such an effusion. In the essay inquiring as to the suitability of our government for the develop-

ment of a national literature, there is much truth, a fair knowledge of history and literature, and a bit of wild speculation. "Necessity, the Mother of Invention," is rather cursory, tumbling as it does over a series of inventions that should have been drawn out and more illustrated. But we give credit to the writer's correct understanding of the preservation of letters in the Middle Ages. Considering the easy, even and smooth style of the *Spectator* we are in truth well pleased, and it brings to our mind the celebrated name of him who published the illustrious paper of the same name.

By a good deal the best paper we have received from any Academy this month is *St. Mary's Chimes*. We hardly think that its pages were at any time adorned by a better poem than, "The Thirst of the Soul." Here there is a deep just sentiment, a certain rhyme with a lyric elevation of fancy that gives precisely in parts the kind of emotions the writer designed. The scattered gems of smaller poems are remarkable for their artful expression and peculiar facility. "Relation of Reading to Thought" at first would seem to be the production of an architect, considering the easy use of technicalities, but there is an underlying thought of greater breadth than can be gleaned at a glance. Happy is the expression, "Ruskin's genius is a Beatrice to the metaphysical." A more lucid definition could not be given. At times there is a perceptible struggle with the thought that slightly impairs an otherwise harmonious diction. "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It" are two very valuable observations on these dramas. It pleases us especially to find the writers sufficiently acquainted with "Shakespeare" to leave unnoticed the common useless opinions about the unities of time and place. Only a few would have chosen the passage on the "music of



the spheres'' as a favorite quotation, but as it is, the author deserves the tribute of a keen taste and solid judgment; for those eight lines portray the grandest flash of that wide design, that extensive, firm and fanciful grasp of nature most characteristic of "Shakespeare." The editors of the *Chimes* are seemingly assiduous readers of "Ruskin." Quotations of this author run almost through every essay. Perhaps this good journal owes much of its excellence to such profitable reading.

The neat little *Echo* with its usual attractive simplicity has again drawn our notice. It never indulges in anything heavy or deep, and we in particular could not wish that it would, since outside of it there is no recreation in our sanctum. The February issue is fresh and crisp as mountain air. St. "Expedit" shows faith and much religion. "Prince's Soliloquy" is a bit of delightful humor. "Santa Clara Valley" describes one of those imposing scenes which all Eastern people long to behold. The unvaried tenor of all its essays scarcely enables us to draw a distinction of merit.

*The Dial* toppled on to us just as our poor material was being prepared for print. We had no doubt that he would be interesting and immediately gave him full attention. The news was pleasant and more than ordinarily good, but in the end he openly complained that some of our praising, breezy little vagrant articles had blown his ex-man to other spheres and tried to keep him there. Somehow we know that he is back and we are happy, for he has lost his humor and turned English. Now we have no intention to pat the *Dial* in saying that an "Amateur Anarchist" and "The Cook of the Nancy" are both very good stories, though they come from the pens of '04's. No objection could be raised against the first; it is simple in style, interesting enough to surpass ex-

pectation and makes us pursue eagerly the plot which unravels probably and ingeniously at the end. The second is equally fascinating and more intricate, but the sudden bounce the writer gives us in the end almost pierces us like the sword of the cook.

If the *Agnesian Monthly* of January contained nothing of less value than the first page, we should characterise the number without one word of praise. On reverse of same page, however, begins an essay in which a kid obviously attempts to dandle a lion. "Mr. Carnegie's Gift," ha, what a ringing title! We almost started at the idea. Perhaps those who have experience know more about the source, object and motives of such a gift. "Ruskin says, would it be utopian to predict the time when the wealth of the capitalist of a great nation will go to support literature instead of war." This is not now utopian, existing customs demand it otherwise, but that a capitalist whose riches grew on the sweat of the needy should ever judiciously give away his fortune is and always will be utopian. The boast is to build a university without a God in it and non-denominational so that it may be free to vie with the two we already have in turning out vagabonds. You will admit that there is little judgment in such a donation and that there must be deeper philanthropic motives in benefiting mankind than the esteem and praise of the public. We hope the *Agnesian* will never more become guilty of such nonsense.

The purpose expressed by the *Red and The Black* invites a commendation for its courage to add another desirable pamphlet to our list of journals. The number before us is creditable.

*The Walking Leaf* contains an essay of well digested thought in "Concentration of Wealth in America."

M. K. '02.



C. L. S. The President of the Columbians, Mr. E. Werling, whom the critic styled "a man in every sense of the word" has proven himself an able leader. The Society is still slowly advancing to that unattainable goal called perfection. Three amendments were drawn up by a select committee and added to the New Constitution. The reading table of the Columbian Hall is at present supplied with an unusual large assortment of valuable magazines and newspapers.

A book committee has also been appointed to select and purchase a list of new books. A beautiful picture of Christopher Columbus, from the brush of the able artist Mr. E. Flaig, has been placed in the hall.

In a meeting held Feb. 2nd, the follow new officers were elected for the ensuing term: Pres., Mr. E. Werling; Vice Pres., Mr. S. Hartman; Secretary, Mr. E. Flaig; Treasurer, Mr. P. Welsh; Critic, Mr. C. VanFlandern; Editor, Mr. X. Jaeger; Librarian, Mr. F. Didier; Marshal, Mr. R. Goebel; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. W. Scheidler; Ex. Committee, Messrs. E. Schuette, H. Hoerstman, and R. Monin.

At the following meeting the installment of officers took place and several of the new officers favored the society with speeches. On Feb. 9th, a very successful private program was rendered as follows:—

I. Music.



II. Recitation, "The Scholar's Search", Mr. F. Wachendorfer.

III. Debate: "Resolved that modern inventions are beneficial to the laboring classes." Aff., Mr. A. Knapke. Neg., Mr. B. Huelsman.

IV. Music.

V. Select Reading: "A Student and a Professor." Mr. M. Schumacher.

VI. Essay: "No Excellence without Labor." Mr. F. Mader.

VII. Comic Recitation: "Bismark und dot Lobster Crabs." Mr. H. Froning.

VIII. Dialogue: "Mike gets a Job." Messrs. F. Boeke and E. Cook.

This was one of our best private programs. The Debate especially was made very interesting by the ready wit of Mr. Huelsman.

The following public program was rendered on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22nd:—

I. Music. College Band.

II. Inaugural Address: "Home and its Influences." M. E. Werling.

IV. Recitation: "The Deluge." Mr. X. Jaeger.

IV. Debate: "Resolved that we derive more benefit from the reading of current literature than from the reading of books." Aff., Mr. E. Wills. Neg., Mr. C. VanFlandern.

V. Music. "Bohemian Girl." Band.

VI. Essay: "Influential Men." Mr. H. Hoerstman.

VII. Dialogue. Scene from "The Poor Gentleman." Sir Robert Bramble Mr. F. Didier.  
Humphrey Dobbins Mr. I. Wagner.

VIII. College song: "Our Alma Mater", with Band accompaniment.

IX. Comic Recitation: "A Selection." Mr. A. McGill.

The fact that this program fell somewhat below the standard of our public programs was not due to any fault of the participants, and neither to a lack of time for preparation. The critic, however, passed a very favorable criticism on the program. Mr. Werling must be congratulated upon the happy choice of his subject, which proved very interesting to the audience. The result of the Debate was a victory for the negative. Mr. McGill, "our celebrated comedian," as usual kept the audience in a roar of laughter as long as he occupied the stage.

The Columbians are now busy rehearsing a tragedy, "The Druid's Ambition," which will be rendered on St. Joseph's Day. A new feature will be music accompaniment through the entire play.

A. L. S. Of late the Aloysians have confined themselves to the rendering of private programs. They will, however, again appear in public on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, with the play, "Tarcisius." They are now rehearsing the play and considering the good show the Aloysians have always made in the past, we may justly expect a good treat.

In a meeting held Feb. 25th, following new officers were elected for the ensuing term: Pres., Mr. M. Shea; Vice Pres., Mr. W. Fisher; Sec., Mr. V. Sibold; Treas., Mr. J. F. Sullivan; Libr., Mr. J. McCarthy; Editor, Mr. R. Bremerkamp; Marshal, Mr. M. O'Connor; Ex. Com., Chair. Mr. J. Jones, Mr. L. Flory, and Mr. J. Lang.

The society has also added a number of new books and magazines to their reading table.

Marian Sodality. On Sunday, March 2nd, the sodality of the Blessed Virgin held their regular monthly meeting. The Rev. Moderator in a short but eloquent sermon exhorted all those students

who are not yet members to endeavor to become such. The election of officers was also held in which Mr. M. Koester was elected Prefect, Mr. H. Hoerstman first assistant, and Mr. E. Schuette second assistant prefect.

The Sodality adjourned after reciting the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin.

R. S. C. The Raleigh Smoking Club have changed their head-quarters to the room in south-east corner of St. Caecilia Hall. The following new officers were elected March 7th: Pres., Mr. E. Buchman; Vice Pres., Mr. J. Trentman; Sec., Mr. C. VanFlandern; Marshal, Mr. E. Freiburger. The members are very much pleased with their new club-room and wish to express their thanks to the Rev. Rector for the change.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.

---

### NEW PUBLICATION.

---

*Recruit Tommy Collins*, the title of a unique story by Mary G. Bonesteel, depicts life in a military post. The scene is laid at first in the West and then transferred to the state of New York. It relates the adventures of an aspirant to military glory, who is born and raised within the precincts of a barrack. In this book the juvenile world of readers can greet a pleasant and entertaining companion on dark and rainy days, when all out-door sports are suspended. Tommy Collins, the youthful hero, is an ideal favorite of a regiment. The felicitous association of events and characters render its perusal an agreeable task. The simple yet elegant style as also the genial atmosphere of humor pervading its pages make it even a very captivating story.

Benziger Bros.

Price 45 cts.

S. K.



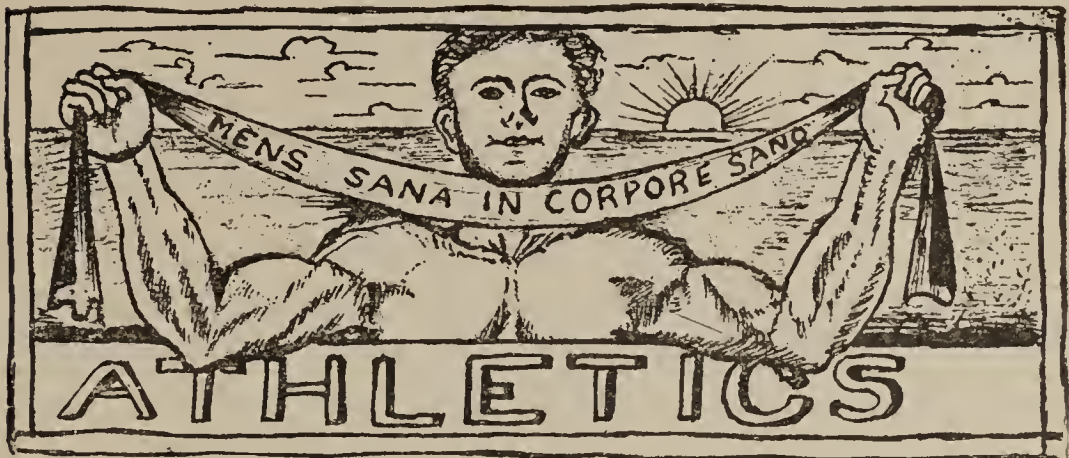
*Mary Tracy's Fortune.* This story has just appeared in book form. It is an interesting tale of a christian tenor from the pen of an able and competent writer of our day, "Anna T. Sadlier." The different chapters are properly arranged, and the manner in which Mary Tracy lays the foundation to her fortune at once receives our admiration and at the same time excites our pity. The language employed is simple, but very strong in portraying the different ideas connected with the plot. The book is especially commendable as reading-matter for the young, being at once interesting and instructive. Benziger Bros.

Price 45 cts.

A. K.

*Bunt and Bill* by Clara Mulholland is a juvenile story, cleverly told and wrapped in clear and pleasant diction. The scene of the story is laid in England. A brother and sister became separated through the neglect of the former to answer the letters of the latter. The brother later enters upon the practice of physician and by dint of his "brilliant talent, steadiness, honor and industry" finds his way into the midst of the "big wigs" of Harley Street, London. The sister having gone to America and later married an artist, has the misfortune of seeing her husband stricken with sickness and on account of this seeks her brother in England, in the meantime gaining her livelihood by playing upon a harmonium from house to house. The plot is developed to entirely suit the child's fancy, introducing the games and entertainments of the rich doctor's children in a manner that will insure delight to the young. The whole is founded on the adage, "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day." The story teems with beautiful characters and is full of instruction. Benziger Bros. Price 45 cts.

I. W.



The first step in preparation for the coming base ball season was made on Feb. 24th. On that date the St. Aquinos held a meeting and elected officers for the ensuing season. The following is the result of the election:—Manager, E. Wills; Captain, J. Wessel. The St. Aquinos will play a regular schedule of games with the St. Xaviers for the Inter Hall Championship, and the inmates of the college eagerly await the opening game, for they know that the contest between these two teams for the palm of victory is always interesting and exciting. The St. Xaviers have not organized yet, but we have the assurance that when the proper time arrives they will take the field with a team which will be fully able to sustain the enviable reputation which they made last fall. It is also the intention at St. Joseph's that our Alma Mater be represented again on the diamond with a representative base ball team. And certainly it is the fond wish of the majority, or I may say, of all the inmates of the college that we may be successful in our efforts to uphold the glorious record which our men made on the diamond last season. It is too early to predict what kind of a team will represent St. Joseph's this year, for the make-up of the team at present is very uncertain. All of last year's players are still at the college except Kramer, Theobald, and Sulzer. The posi-



tions played by Theobald and Sulzer will easily be filled by competent players who have already signified their intention of joining the team. But it will be difficult to secure a man who can acceptably fill the position left vacant by the absence of Kramer. We do not hesitate to say that our great success on the diamond last season is due mostly to the excellent pitching of Kramer. He was always steady and reliable, and never failed to come up to expectations. Still we believe that there are men at the college who can give a good account of themselves as pitchers. They have always pitched fine ball in the games played between the St. Aquinos and the St. Xaviers, and we see no reason why they cannot do fully as well in games with teams from neighboring towns.

It has been the rumor at the college for some time that a former student of St. Joseph's and one of the best base ball players that ever played on a local diamond will soon return to his Alma Mater to continue his studies. This would certainly be welcome news and the gentleman would be a valuable acquisition to the base ball team. It is not here the intention to dwell on the benefits that last year's representative team conferred on the college, but it is sufficient to say that we have time and again received from various sources many grateful acknowledgments of the good work accomplished in spreading the sphere of our Alma Mater's influence and fame. It is to be hoped that every one at the college will assist the players in their efforts to give St. Joseph's a winning team, and if this is done our success is assured.

The Victors have organized and will again have a strong team. They have elected J. Hildebrand, Manager, and Wm. Fisher, Captain. Last year the victors put up the best article of base ball of any team in the college. Their team work



was the best ever shown on a local diamond, and for this reason they were always the pride and glory of the junior students. The team will be practically the same as last season and will be composed of the following players:—Hildebrand, Fisher, Cook, Jones, C. Sibold, V. Sibold, Shea, J. A. Sullivan, and Deimert. E. A. WILLS, '03.

---

### PERSONALS.

Since our last issue the following visitors have been entertained at the college:—

Mr. Charles Ready, of Connersville, Ind., paid a visit to his brother, Clarence, on the 5th of March.

Mrs. Schmitz, of Lafayette, Ind., accompanied by her son Herman, visited Frank Schmitz at the college during February.

Mrs. Rengers, of St. Henry, O., Mrs. Droesch, of St. John, O., and Mr. John Loechtefeld, of St. Rose, O., visited relatives and friends at the college on Sunday, Feb. 23rd.

Miss K. Hildebrand, of Delphi, Ind., paid a visit to her brother John, on 2nd of February.

We were agreeably surprised by a visit on Washington's birthday from Henry Droesch, of Chickasaw, O. Mr. Droesch was one of the first matriculated students of St. Joseph's College, and was a charter member of the C. L. S. After the rendition of the public program on Washington's birthday, the Rev. Rector addressed the audience and stated that it was indeed a pleasure to introduce to them a charter member of the C. L. S., and one who was an honor and credit to St. Joseph's College. Mr. Droesch responded feelingly and spoke in a reminiscent way of the great changes and improvements that have been made at the college since his departure from Alma

Mater, and especially expressed his surprise at the high standard maintained by the C. L. S. Mr. Droesch is reputed to be one of the most successful teachers in Mercer Co., and many of our former students will, no doubt, be glad to hear of the progress of a friend and class-mate of by-gone days. We hope that our honored alumnus will visit us frequently.

Very Rev. Boniface Russ, Provincial C.P.P.S., made a brief visit to the College on the 18th of February.

The Collegian is in receipt of a generous donation from Rev. Geo. Fleisch, C. PP. S. The Rev. Gentleman has our sincere thanks for his thoughtfulness.

It is our sad duty to here record the death of Sister Angelica, Sister Superior at the Indian School. She departed this life on the 20th of February, after a brief illness of pneumonia. She was buried on the morning of the 22nd in the College cemetery. We wish to express our heartfelt sorrow to the relatives of the deceased as well as to her pious co-laborers, the Sisters C. PP. S. May she rest in peace. E. A. W.

---

### LOCALS.

---

OUR ANNUAL SLEIGH RIDE: If tradition holds good we might say that on Friday Feb. 1., Mother Goose picked enough feathers—somewhere above—to allow us to have our yearly bob-ride. By permission of our Prefect, P. Liberat, Bro. William hitched up to five fine sleighs and away we went. But lo! very much to our disgrace a shooting affray took place. Some of the disorderly students wanted to be shot, and that is the way it started. Before Bro. William, our chaperon,

could grab the weapon, Paul Welsh shot into the whole bunch—with his camera. After the happy ending of this accident, we started north through town, thence west to the poor farm. Being ushered through the building we recognized many old ? friends. Trentman was greeted by the cutest ? little — with a “Hello sweetness.” Poor “Polly,” he felt like two cents half spent. It was late in the afternoon when we started back, and arrived at College where a good warm supper was served.

The band has increased in number and been furnished with a new set of instruments. All it needs now is that some charitable soul come forward and donate some new players.

Professor to pupil in literature class:—Which is Spencer’s principal production? Pupil:—Spencerian pens.

Othmar claims he is so tall that he is not able to tell when his feet are cold.

The base-ball craze is again awakening among the students:—Say, Cyriac, when are you boys going to organize your base-ball team this year? Like usual, at half past eleven on any Sunday you wish to play.

The Junior Class are gradually entering upon the study of trigonometry. Xavier was want to exclaim:—Since there is no royal road to geometry, what kind of a road must lead to trigonometry!

We all must admit that Ludger is a very industrious student, nevertheless he is the *basest* student at college. Base in the band, base in the choir, and base in the orchestra.

Many of the St. Aquino Hall are antispankationists.

Camillus to Alfred:—What is the name of the instrument Raymond plays? “Xenophone,” — meaning a saxophone.



Lang to Heims:--Did you ever see a cake-walk? No, but I have seen a cracker-box.

Amandus to Richard:—What did Adam first plant in the garden of Eden? Richard:—His foot.

Flavian who is greatly taken up in the study of mathematics said he read the following problem but finds no way to solve:—If a chicken eats a pack of saw-dust every day for a week, how long will it take her to lay a six-foot board?

Jackson seems to possess quite a bit of southern blood. He is quite a scrapper.

First student:—If “Trapper” would found an order, what would you call his followers? Second student:—Trappists.

George is still taking McFadden. He says it makes him big and fat.

Muhler still takes Strickfadden's. He says, who wouldn't take that?

John Wessel left us for a few days this month to attend the funeral of his cousin, Miss Anna Graf, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.

In geometry class: Prof.—Trentman, what is a pol(l)ygon(e)? Joe:—A dead parrot.

Prof:—There are only two that got a low percent in geometry this month. Bosco:—Who was the other?

In the last semi-annual examinations the following peculiarities which happened in some junior class were rather laughable. Question:—Describe the four cardinal points. Student:—South, towards Tennessee, north, towards Klondike, west, towards the Pacific Ocean, east, towards Germany. Question:—Bound the United States. Student:—On the north by the boundary line, on the west by water, on the east by a big sea, on the south by Gulf of Mexico and another little ocean.

“Res clamat domino:”—Trap found a nickle in his desk.

Tuts:—Who came out victor in that scrap between “Rooster” and “Matty”?

Dink:—I don’t know, but “Rooster ordered a retreat.

Socks:—says he believes some people sleep dreams. Sus:—who is his peer in philosophy is of a different opinion. He says, “I once dreamed I slept.”

Boys, dont be “spooney,” because if you do some of your fellow students may put your heads under the pump, in order to receive the five dollars reward offered for doing the same to those who are inclined to be “spooney”!

Scurs (Lemper) has a new eye-shade, and he is so much attached to it that he wears it continually during the day, and he is so loth to part with it that he reminds one of a child who has just been given a new doll-baby. Besides the color of the eye-shade is green; and owing to the close contact which it has continually with Scurs’ head, he is now greener than ever before.

Well regulated club-rooms are something for which we have often wished. We are now beginning to realize our wish. Two amply furnished rooms have lately been prepared for the students. Each one is furnished with a billiard table, exercises, and many games which may be of interest or benefit to the students. Now dreary or rainy days need not be what we express by “blue days” any more. The only thing necessary now is to get together and make ourselves happy. This is a favor for which we cannot be too grateful and we hope the faculty will accept our sincere thanks with our prayer that there be found no one among us who will abuse the privilege they have given us.

## HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

### 95-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, E. Vurpillat, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, R. Goebel, E. Lonsway, B. Quell, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Bach, A. Lonsway, J. Miller, B. Wellman, J. Lieser, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, N. Keller, J. Smith, E. Ereiburger, F. Maley, J. Naughton, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghouse, C. Sibold, A. Birkmeier, W. Hanley, J. Lang, F. Boeke, C. Holthouse, J. Lemper, J. Burke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Schumacher, A. Bernard, J. Ramp, E. Barnard, C. VanFlandern, T. Hammes, L. Monahan, H. Heim.

### 90-95 PER CENT.

J. Wessel, A. McGill, W. Flaherty, G. Arnold, J. Jones, T. Alles, P. Carlos, J. Hunt, V. Sibold, W. Connell, J. Trentman, J. Hildebrand, J. F. Sullivan, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, C. Ready, E. Ley, H. Cooney, E. Buchman, J. O'Donnell, J. Bryan, E. Grimme, P. Thom, G. Jackson, R. Ottke, H. Muhler, F. Schmitz.

## CLASS WORK.

### 90-100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, M. Koester, E. Wills, A. Schuette, R. Goebel, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, T. Alles, E. Pryor, R. Stolz, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, A. Barnard, V. Meagher, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, J. Lemper, J. Freiburger, W. Hanley, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baczkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, A. Delaney, F. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, C. Koeters, W. Flaherty, P. Welsh, I. Wagner, A. Koenig, R. Monin, H. Hoerstman, W. Lieser, C. Holthouse, R. Bremerkamp, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Ramp.

### 84-90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, B. Holler, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, C. Grube, B. Alt, F. Didier, G. Arnold, M. Shea, J. Becker, J. McCarthy, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, J. Naughton, E. Hauk, M. Schumacher, P. Carlos, H. Heim, F. Mader, W. Meiering, J. F. Sullivan, J. Jones, J. Trentman, F. Schmitz, E. Lonsway, J. Braun, R. Schwieterman, W. Scheidler, E. Vurpillat, P. Thom, C. Fisher, M. O'Connor, J. Diemert, J. A. Sullivan, W. Fisher, A. Lonsway.